Obsidian

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48361333.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Gift Giving, Established Relationship
Language:	English
Series:	Part 36 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-05 Words: 486 Chapters: 1/1

Obsidian

by sourweather

Summary

Will presents Hannibal with a gift.

Notes

I got to learn about the history of obsidian for this fic which is fun

See the end of the work for more notes

“I got you a present.”

He looks up at me over the rims of his reading glasses. It never occurred to me that he might need those, before I saw him wearing them. Some foolish part of me still stubbornly insists that he’s this unbreakable, flawless monument of a man, even though I’ve seen him at his most vulnerable state. Someday I’ll act normal about seeing him in those. Today is not that day.

A little smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. Pleased, but in a sedate way, like a cat half-asleep after a meal. It looks good on him. “Have I forgotten something?” he asks, setting his well-loved paperback on the coffee table. “Some obscure holiday I should have marked on my calendar?”

Now it’s my turn to look smug. “No. No special occasion, I just saw them at the antiques shop a couple weeks back and thought of you.”

He lifts a fine brow. “Weeks ago, you say?”

I laugh at him when he leans back in his chair, craning his neck like he means to spy behind my back. “They needed some TLC, first. But I think they’re just about good as new.”

They were in a plastic bag when I bought them, for a bargain because the little old man who runs the place had no clue what they were or what they were worth. I couldn’t believe my luck, to have happened upon them like that. I took it as a sign, that they were meant for Hannibal and Hannibal alone. When I present them to him, they’re packaged in a slender red box. No bow. Not his style.

There’s an unbearable fondness in his eyes as he takes the box from me. He’s not even looking at the gift in his hands. “Come on,” I urge him, chuckling at my own impatience as I do.

They catch the light beautifully. Three scalpels, all slightly different sizes. Polished to a sheen by yours truly. Hannibal plucks one from the box, holds the blade to the light.

“These are obsidian,” he notes, and I can’t help but grin.

“That’s right. The first choice of Stone Age surgeons.”

He turns the tool in his hands, peering at its edge. “Obsidian scalpels are sharper than stainless steel, you know.”

I nod, hands shoved in my pockets. “More fragile, though. You’ll have to save them for the right procedure, if you end up using them on someone.”

Another understated smile. Hannibal runs the pad of his finger over the blade. “These are beautiful,” he says, quietly, like he’s speaking to himself. He looks back up at me a moment later, showing his teeth. “Thank you, darling.”

I close the small space between us, cupping his unshaven jaw and offering him a lingering kiss. When I pull away, Hannibal stares at me with eyes as dark and as lethal as the scalpel he wields.

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!